THE

# Town Aſſemblies.

( Price Six-Pence. )

THE

# Town Assemblies.

A

# SATYR.

*LONDON:*

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# THE PREFACE.

INcipe parve puer ſi vis Contendere mecum, --- *is a Line I remember conſtantly us'd among Youth (whoſe Poſteria's are under the fatal Diſcipline of a ſturdy* Clericus ) *in the Repeating, or, as is vulgarly repreſented,* Capping of Verſes ; *and may in this Place be applicable to the Menaces of ſenſeleſs Contemners*

*temners of Poetry, and inexorable Criticks, wherewith the Town plentifully abounds, but without the leaſt Diſappointment to the Author of the following Lines.*

*I doubt not but the Chiefs of* Parnaſſus *will vouchſafe their obſequious Pupil all fitting Protection: And that notwithſtanding this Performance is compos'd of Satire, my Preſumption will be, without great Difficulty, excus'd by the Subſtitutes of* Phœbus; *ſince, on mature Conſideration, it will be allow'd, that all my Characters are confin'd within the due Bounds of Modeſty in this Way of Writing, and that no Body can with Juſtice offer a Contradiction, I believe muſt be confeſs'd: And for the young Fry of Verſifiers, and paltry Scriblers, I am apprehenſive of as little Prejudice from their imbitter'd* Pens, *as their* * *Finiſhers of Controverſy, their knock-down* Cudgels.

* 'Tis reported, That there was lately a Conſpiracy to anſwer an Advocate of the Biſhop of *Bangor*'s, with a wooden Argument.

# The PREFACE.

*It is poſſible that ſome curious Readers may meet with Characters adapted to themſelves in the enſuing Poem, tho' I cannot think any Perſons will be ſo intoxicated and egregiouſly ſtupid, as to make a Self-Application, and thereby proclaim an irreparable Reproach; never intended by me; but if any ſhall be ſo Audacious, as to fix the Fool upon themſelves, I'll take particular Care to give their Proclamations due Sanction, by preſenting the World with a* Key *at large, or otherwiſe, and to Record them in the glorious Annals of the wiſe Men of* Goatam.

*I preſume there are no terrible* Knights-Errant *to be met with at this Time, to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the airy Females near* Charing-Croſs; *but if there ſhould unexpectedly be ſuch Things as* Don Quixotes *reſident in this part of the* Globe, *I have a Wind Mill ready prepar'd for them to engage with, and a Woollen Convenience exquiſitely contriv'd at the Service of the 'Squire who ſhall aſſume the Stile and Title of* Sancha Pancha. *And if theſe powerful Adverſaries ſhould fail, I have a* Fleſhy Battery *of a conſiderable*

*ſiderable Magnitude, and ſuperior in Force t any I have mention'd in the following Poem which, without conſulting the Succeſſors of th famous* Copernicus, *I may fairly prognoſticat will cool their Courage.*

*If any inauſpicious Followers of the La ſhould attempt a Satisfaction for an uncomm Freedom with the Profeſſion, I do aſſure the that tho' my Noddle may not be equally cramm with Fallacy, it may, contrary to their E pectation, be upon a Par in other Particulars And notwithſtanding the Inſide may conta a more delicate Furniture than their Buckra Linings, and my Front is not equally fortify with Aſſurance, they may meet with a Treatme due to a* Brazen Head.

T H

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*ERRATA.* Page 12, Line 7, for *Twilight*, re *Toilets.* Page 15, Line 13, for *weighty Buſineſs*, read *gr Affairs.*

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A

# SATYR.

WHEN flagrant Scandals o'er the World prevail,
To furniſh Theams, no forward Pen can fail:
Each Quill envenom'd, treated with Applauſe,
Diſplays in Satyr his own Country's Cauſe:
In eaſy Rhimes, a Prince to rule is taught,
And on the Stage are Rev'rend Prelates brought:
Thro' diſtant Climes is trac'd the daring *Swede*,
The Faults of Kings in Poetry convey'd;

But my fond Muſe, its Flight on feeble Wings,
Of fam'd Aſſemblies in their Glory ſings.

And firſt, in Honour to that ancient Pile
Where Members meet, themſelves the Senate ſtile,
I *Will*'s ---- ſurvey; here noted Fools abound,
And of all Sorts, here Members may be found:
The Courtier here ſits with affected Nod,
His Pocket fills, 'tis Money is his God.
Here rural Members, with *Britannia*'s Care,
Still ſpeechleſs ſit, as tho' they Statues were:
The crafty Fox here turns the doubtful Scale,
And o'er the 'Squire with Eaſe he can prevail.
With like Succeſs, the Youthful he decoys;
There needs no Wiles, but Force of nat'ral Toys;
*Bellona*'s Sons have in the Senate Place,
In glitt'ring Dreſs appear with awful Grace,
And make new Laws for ruling human Race.

To fair St. *James*'s I my Theme purſue;
Here divers Objects, various Faces new

My

My Sight invade, with great Ambition fill'd,
Sits o'er his Tea: The Stateſ-man here well ſkill'd,
Empal'd with Coxcombs, who his Poſts revere,
The Cares of Kingdoms on his Brow appear.
This Creature flatters, on his Intereſt waits,
And what he thinks, he very rare relates.
Of either Party, whilſt the Purſe he ſways,
He takes the Coin, and cheerfully obeys;
His Conſcience yields to get the ſhining Store;
The *Patriot's* try'd, diveſt him of his Pow'r,
He then diſowns whate'er he did before;
He long proclaims, (all other Subjects waves)
That by his Hand three Kingdoms ſtill he ſaves,
(With equal Eaſe the Nation rul'd to all,
As Cobler governs in his mighty Stall.)
Then up he riſes from his Seat in Haſte,
Repairs to Court, at *Levee*'s he's not laſt.
The empty Fops ſtill bowing as he goes;
A Crowd of Rakes, of Spendthrifts, and of Beaus,
And none the Exit of their Lord oppoſe.

Here airy Scrape is by the Vulgar ey'd,
And want of Head-piece, by the Heel's ſupply'd.
Here fam'd Sir *Foplin* in his Grandeur ſat,
Affected, call'd for the beſt Chocolate:
His Stature ſtrong, his Limbs are all compleat,
His Dreſs is gay, he's in Behaviour neat;
Compleat array'd, he with fantaſtick Air,
Of Conqueſts boaſts, o'er the complying Fair:
A Maid of Honour kiſſes in the Court;
With noble Females he alone can ſport;
A puny Lord the vig'rous Lady ſcorns;
He muſt ſubmit to wear *Actæon*'s Horns;
The pleaſing Brats he'll inſtantly admire;
He'll fancy ſoon himſelf to be the Sire:
He labours long, but hopeleſs of an Heir,
'Till ſturdy Foot-man he comes in for Share.
*Apollo*'s Sons to great St. *James*'s Coach,
Here mix in glitt'ring Crouds, without Reproach;
A vulgar Dreſs the Pedant ſtill diſdains;
His Wig is large, proportion'd to his Brains:

To

To gain the Caſh, he'll ſoon diſpatch her *Grace*,
By Licenſe, murder with a harmleſs Face:
Here the Great *S--d--ll*, S---n, and Numbers more;
The fam'd Sir *R----d* can't his Rhimes give o'er,
Tho' ſenſeleſs Diſtichs he has left in Store.
Whilſt mighty *G----th* ſhall ſtill in Fame out-ſhine,
His Works have Wit and Senſe in ev'ry Line;
'Tis famous *Garth*'s Diſpenſary ſhall live,
When Loads of Volumes will no Pleaſure give.

Now thro' the *Mall* at *F---n---ck*'s you arrive,
To court this Female, empty Coxcombs ſtrive:
Wan are her Cheeks, with *Cupid*'s Pleaſures worn,
Her wrinkled Front the fading Locks adorn:
By wheedling Arts ſhe ſtill can Youth enſlave,
But ſharpen'd Stomachs, doubtleſs, muſt they have.
The fam'd *North-Britains* here in Numbers meet,
And with a Freedom, bounteous *F--nw--ck* greet:
Here *Scots*-Men, *Pedlars*, and the *Beaus* are ſeen;
Th' exalted *Bacchus*, and the Carcaſs lean:

Here

Here ſits the *Loon*, in ſumptuouſly attir'd,
And his dear Self is by himſelf admir'd:
Boiſt'rous his Air, in the Campaign he's bold,
But ne'er reflects on his dear Country ſold;
For Bribes, with precious Liberty he parts;
But the *Plebeian* only 'tis that ſmarts.
Ten thouſand Pounds, what noble Peer can ſtand?
For this, he ſells his darling native Land:
He'll for the Coin his Principles ſubdue;
Would ſell his God, and his Religion too.

On th' other Side, here *R--bf--t* you behold;
On this fair Female, various Tales are told.
In former Times the Street ſhe Nightly paſs'd,
On ev'ry Youth an Eye ſhe ſlyly caſt,
Her ſmiling Looks, decoy'd each hungry Swain;
But 'tis the Caſh alone relieves her Pain.
So deadly *Poyſon* luſhious, on the Tongue,
Invites the Ruin, and effects the Wrong.

In latter Days, her Humour more confin'd,
To Money more, and Coyneſs leſs inclin'd;
The Purchaſe dear, if you'll enjoy the Fair,
You now muſt give the Price of better Ware:
By yielding Favours, fine *Champaign* ſhe ſells;
Has built a Structure which a Lord's excels;
'Midſt gilded Paintings, ſhe now pompous dwells;
No Vinous Juice but from Great *Gallia* brought,
T' inſpire the Soul, and give a manly Thought,
By theſe fair Means is many a Conqueſt wrought.
A youthful Girl here waits upon the Crowd;
She's pretty, charming, of her Office proud;
The Miſtreſs abſent, ſhe her Place ſupplies:
On Charms of Youth are fix'd her longing Eyes,
Whilſt *N---n---y*'s Soul, unbounded as the Sun,
She all relieves, with her dear Self alone,
By Art unequall'd, is your Favour won.

Near

Near *Charing-Croſs*, on which the Statue's (plac'd,
Where divers Steets are with the Proſpect grac'd;
The Royal Martyr's wrought in his Aray,
In maſſy Metal, which ſhall late decay.
From hapleſs *Charles*, we all Confuſions trace,
Our Sectaries before, were in Diſgrace;
But, ſince his Fall, Deceits in Numbers riſe;
And what is good, we early can deſpiſe.
But *Britain*'s Woes to leave, and to purſue
My choſen Subject I preſent to View,
The Place ordain'd for laviſh Soldiers Doom,
Where airy *J--nn--y*'s in her crowded Room:
The needy Swain with Caſh ſhe ſoon provides
With Per'wigs, Suits, and ev'ry Thing beſides;
But large the Int'reſt by the Fair compell'd,
In fam'd Extortion ſhe's by none excell'd:
Her Limits enter'd, ſhe approaches near;
Call'd is each Stranger, by this Female, *Dear*;
Familiar Airs now bid you welcome here.

This

This Uſage kind, a large Aſſembly brings;
The Beaus and Rakes, and other uſeleſs Things:
The Office-Clerks at this fam'd Place attend;
Applaud themſelves, a liſt'ning Year they lend;
To *J—n—y*'s Airs effeminate ſubmit,
Th' Affairs of State, with utmoſt Eaſe can quit:
In gay Attire the ſpacious Room they croſs,
But in Politeneſs ſtill are at a Loſs:
Their great Deſcent from Foot-man to a Peer,
A Valet ſoon meets with Preferment here,
And 'tis the Pimp ſtill claims the largeſt Share.
Their Pockets full, they're by the Mob careſs'd;
With gainful Poſt, th' auſpicious Ideot bleſs'd;
Compleat with Coin, for weighty Buſineſs fit,
For State-Preferment, he'll then paſs for Wit,
Whilſt Merit ſtill in Penury ſhall ſit.

Here num'rous Debtors deeply in the Mire,
Decay'd by Pleaſure, decently retire:

From Petty-Foggers and their Imps ſecur'd,
Are in fair ſpacious Boundaries immur'd:
From Herds of Duns the Prodigal here cloak'd,
'Till Truce is made with Parents long provok'd:
Here all are ſhelter'd, from the Bailiffs free,
If with the Board of *Green-Cloath* they agree.
So fierceſt *Tigers* in remoteſt Climes,
Regardleſs paſs the ſtately Prey betimes:
Th' ignoble Beaſts their rav'nous Stomachs lay,
And ſafety then attends the dang'rous Way.

Not far from hence, the *Tilt-yard* I ſurvey;
Aſpiring *Plumes* on the Parade bear Sway:
With Grace they tread, themſelves they often view,
But 'tis their Dreſſes which the Fair ſubdue:
Like Sons of *Mars*, with Cock of Hat appear;
Their Aſpects ſtern, poſſeſs the Crowd with Fear,
They ſwear genteel, and bully with an Air:
One boaſts of Duels, of his num'rous Scars
Receiv'd Abroad, perhaps in Female Wars:

Another

Another Ticks on ev'ry Trades-mans Score,
The Debt requir'd, he beats you out of Dore;
And to compleat, the Wife is made a Whore.
They fearleſs vaunt, free from the Worldlin's Care,
And ſince old *Noll*, 'tis theſe our Maſters are.

The *New Exchange* I next take in my Way;
Aſſembled Females ſtill here go aſtray:
A Throng of Damſels their fam'd Trades proclaim:
Admirers Hearts, and Purſes is the Aim:
The Girl invites you to her lovely Ware
With ſmiling Looks, enticing is the Fair:
Fine Neckcloths lac'd, the Col'nel here may buy;
Here foreign Dreſſes draw the greedy Eye:
Attornies Clerks, ſpruce 'Prentices here deal;
Th' Expence of *Mechlin*'s and of Muſlins feel,
With Handkerchiefs and Snuffs they make a Show;
Compleated here is the affected Beau:
The Cane, the Snuff-Box, with Portraits within
Of naked *Venus*, theſe your Favours win:

The Amber Head invigorates the Swain,
Promotes his Joys, *Belinda*'s Conqueſt gain:
A Titian Cap here gaudy you eſpy;
There Pinners, Ruffles, and fine Ribbons lie:
Here Prayer-Books and Plays, and there a Clock;
On lofty Pole a Matrimonial-Smock:
Here Hoops, Fans, Scarfs, and Twilights are (diſplay'd,
There Dreſſing-Glaſſes, Maſks, neglected laid:
Neat Gloves and Stockings, and fine *Flander*'s Lace,
And dainty Waſhes for the Hands and Face.
The Spark here goes, by his accuſtom'd Wiles,
The Heart of *Phillis* in her Youth beguiles:
The coſtly Shirt to Lodging-Room convey'd,
Is eaſy fitted by the beauteous Maid:
Her Virtue now unable to withſtand,
His Wares forbidden in her Iv'ry Hand:
Unſeen, young *Phillis*, pow'rleſs to refrain,
Is here prepar'd to ply in *Drury-Lane*.

Th

The Pleaſure paſt, the Female ſtrait goes Home:
No Thought embraces of the Plagues to come.

I now proceed, to famous *Button*'s go,
Here's Lyon rampant with a glitt'ring Show;
The Curious view the Head-piece with Delight,
And many an Aſs ſurveys the tawdry Sight:
Here Polititians in their Grandeur ſit;
The Stateſman, Owl, and the Buffoon and Wit:
The Fate of Empires is with Eaſe decreed:
What Prince ſhall reign? What Tyrant now ſhall bleed,
When *Sweden*'s King ſhall from the *Czar* be freed.
The *Turks* they cruſh with Motion of the Hand,
And conquer Heroes in a diſtant Land.
O! may Great *Eugene* with his Lance and Spear
Poſſeſs the mighty *Mahomet* with Fear,
And conquer ſtill when he approaches near!
Let endleſs *Rhimes* convey his matchleſs Fame,
And like Great *Marlbro*', deathleſs be his Name.

My

My humble Muſe now claims a tranſient View
Of *Addiſon*, I now advance to you:
When you vouchſafe in Publick to appear,
Sublime the Themes, polite the Converſe there;
Admir'd your Senſe, your Modeſty approv'd,
'Tis *Addiſon* by the whole World's belov'd:
No Thoughts obſcene, your Wit compleatly ſhines,
And *Cato*'s full of your immortal Lines!
Great *George*, your Virtue by Experience proves,
And ſhews himſelf by what he early loves.
But *Button*'s now, ſince *Addiſon* is gone,
In Scandal deals, diſdains to be outdone.

The next large Houſe for Converſe I deſcry,
Is famous *Tom*'s, by the fair *Temple* nigh:
Here Rev'rend Serjeant of the Coif is proud,
With Oily Tongue deceives the carping Crowd:
For Money toils himſelf 'till out of Breath;
Like aged Female, bawls himſelf to Death:

He's

He's ſtill laborious, Scandal 'tis he loves,
And *Weſtminſter* fam'd *Billingſgate* improves.
When firſt the Coif is plac'd on weighty Head,
The aged Leaders then the Council lead ;
To ſtately Room he's there in Grandeur plac'd,
Th' embody'd Herd a pleaſing Eye ſoon caſt :
Says the Grey-head, a Brother I eſpy ;
Alas ! too true, the Subject to deny :
A Brother-Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave,
A Brother-Cuckold, with the Ladies Leave ;
But ſeldom there a Brother Lawyer have.
The Cap put on, is by the Mob obey'd ;
For weighty Buſineſs a learned Man now made :
The Cauſe commenc'd, the Youngſter he begins ;
Feign'd Innocence the ignorant Client wins :
The Cauſe he opens with a decent Grace ;
A Bluſh, O ſtrange ! is ſeen on Counſel's Face :
His Story told, his Cauſe ſeems now ſecure,
He ſits him down with Countenance demure ;

The fam'd Opponents then in Turn advance,
The pious Cauſe is made a mere Romance,
'Till other Counſel of the Plaintiff's Side
Roſe up, and on his mighty Lungs rely'd.
Two Hours whole Space the famous Court he rings,
Quotations divers, for his Cauſe he brings:
His Pipe ſuperior to the adverſe Throng,
With Nonſenſe bellows, and continues long;
No Law he utters, but he ſtill confounds:
This his Uſe, to his great Honour redounds;
For Noiſe he's famous, by the Court careſs'd;
By ſtrongeſt Lungs, he paſs'd for Counſel beſt,
'Till aged Serjeant roſe up from his Seat,
With awful Look, his Story did relate:
On both Sides feed, complains, and then defends,
And Brazen Head alone, the Controverſy ends.
The Chamber-Cheat ſtill ſits at Home in Eaſe;
His thoughtleſs Clients governs as he pleaſe;
For Procuration, he a Sum can claim,
But Brother-Villain for the Crime defame:

The

The Widow, Orphan, and the Heir diſpoil,
To ruin each inceſſantly can toil:
Like the great *Shark*, ſtill lurking in the Deep,
And rav'nous *Pikes* in in-land Rivers, ſweep;
The *Salmon*, *Dolphin*, and a num'rous Train,
Prey on themſelves amidſt the raging Main.
All other *Trickſters* he with Eaſe deceives,
His famous Art, his greateſt Wants relieves,
A Fortune gains, promotes him in the State,
With num'rous Beggars waiting at his Gate,
They from his Hand receiv'd their direful Fate.
But curs'd he lives, and miſerably dies;
Had he no Crimes, he ſtill neglected lies.

To paſs by *Nando*'s, *Will*'s, and Numbers great
Of Coffee-Houſes in the ſpacious Street,
Of noted *Child*'s I now a Proſpect take
In *Paul*'s *Church-yard*, for Rev'rend Coxcombs Sake:
Here brawny Prieſts ſit o'er their luſcious Tea,
And nought approv'd but *Pecko* or *Bohea*;
The ſucking Tribe their Politicks advance;
Their Paſſions raiſe, oppoſe the Laws of *France*;

But Rule they claim, and a deſpotick Pow'r,
Sweet Independence conſtantly implore;
*Britannia*'s Kings, the mighty Lawn t'obey,
The godly Mitre o'er the Crown to ſway:
The *Abbey* Spoils with Inclination view,
Would, to reſtore 'em, form Religion new:
Ambitious Peers and Libertines they pleaſe:
They preach looſe Tenets for his Lordſhip's Eaſe:
Like Weather-cock they'll ſhift, they'll turn and (cant;
Hypocriſy the modern Prieſts ne'er want:
For Biſhoprick, the Truth at length diſdain:
The *Bible* turn to *Alcoran* for Gain.

Here ſome that taſte the ſweet St. *James*'s Air,
And Cits unpoliſh'd, in a Crowd repair:
Whole Loads of News at this fam'd Place arrive;
Here various Tales each other quick ſurvive;
Here *Fame* proclaims the Wonders of the Town,
The Magazine for Scandal this is known:
All News here meet, and none the Lies diſown.

But

But Politicians at Great *Child*'s to leave,
Fam'd *Garaway*'s I next in Proſpect have:
Here ſtands, adorn'd with noble *Britiſh* Kings,
The Great *Exchange*, and Crowds promiſcous (brings;
Here buſy Looks are ſeen in ev'ry Face:
Is Cynick Virtue long ſince in Diſgrace?
Here aged Head's abandon'd to the Truth;
And Crimes imbib'd, initiated in Youth;
*Stock-Jobbers* here to cheat you, never reſt:
Of all Mankind, 'tis theſe compoſe the Peſt.
To gain the Pelf, a dreadful Tale's contriv'd;
From diſtant Climes, it's by the Mail arriv'd.
Great *Sweden* ſallies with his num'rous Hoſt;
His Ships of War are on *Britannia*'s Coaſt.
The whole World trembles at the Hoſtile *Goth*:
*Europa* ſends her Troops and Minions forth.
But what are *Europe*'s Princes to the *Swede*?
By *Perkin* join'd, they'll make *Britannia* bleed:
The *Pope* too aids with his religious Crew:
What Tracts, what Climes, can't theſe Great Pow'rs (ſubdue?

By Tales like theſe, the Ignorant ſurprize;
The Stocks they fall, and at their Pleaſure riſe.
The dreadful Storm, alas! is quickly paſs'd;
Good News prevails, theſe Dangers ſeldom laſt.
The *Swediſh* Troops are from their Projects clear'd:
No anxious Tales are any longer heard.
Reviving Smiles on ev'ry Brow now dwell;
And thoſe are greateſt, who in Lies exel:
Th' Untruth well form'd, with greateſt Grace (can tell.
'Tis fam'd Out-witting, which the Man compleats;
By famous Cuſtom, that the Merchant cheats.

Where next, my Muſe? By *Billingſgate* I paſs;
(Here Wrangling's taught to ev'ry tender Laſs:
Here aged Matrons with their Tongues compleat,
By bawling loud, th' unthinking Mate defeat:
Inur'd to Noiſe, he here ſupinely ſtrives;
The hourly Peal, his Torment ſtill revives:
'Tis Woman's Tongue compleats the Cares of Life,
No Plague is equal to a Scolding-Wife.)

The

The *Tower* Walls I now approaching near,
And weary grown, to Publick-Houſe I ſteer;
Moſt ſtrange the Place, but ſtranger was it ſtill,
To view the Faces which the Room here fill:
A Form preſents, with dauntleſs Viſage grac'd;
To his fat Side a glitt'ring Sword is plac'd:
There ſtiff it hangs, and rarely is undone;
Is firm, as if thro' fleſhy Buttock run.
A Per'wig long is faſten'd to his Pate;
Uncouth his Arms, uncommon is his Gate,
And at each Foot there ſeems a hundred Weight.
Like Hog in Armour he's compleatly dreſs'd;
But by the Tars, their *Captain* is careſs'd.
Of diſtant Climes, he diſmal Tidings brings,
With fam'd *Romance* the Coffee-houſe he rings.
The *Afric* Plains, where Men on Man's Fleſh live,
Of *Ætna*'s Mount can full Deſcription give.
From Icy Tracts, where *Satan* is obey'd,
To ſcorching Climes he's by the Sea convey'd,
And many Voyages to the *Moon* he made.

Whilſt

Whilſt his fair Spouſe his Abſence ſtill enjoys,
In fam'd Intrigues her Senſes ſhe employs ;
The Jovial Rakes to her neat Chamber brought,
New Pleaſures ſtill are by this Female ſought :
Profuſe in Caſh, uneaſy to confine,
Whole Hecatombs of Youth to her reſign ;
At length returns the bold induſtrious Clown,
With Wealth augmented, Booty not his own,
Increas'd his Headpiece, it's now larger grown.
But each agree, all Jealouſies forſake,
And flowing Joys new Matrimony make.
So in the Royal Foreſt you behold
The ſtately *Hart* in his Enjoyment bold ;
In genial Warmth he ſports him with the *Hind*,
'Till quick with Young, to Fondneſs ſtill inclin'd.
This done, unheeded for a Space retires,
Then freſh returns with his increas'd Deſires.

Here, in the Neighbourhood, a Houſe you find,
To Good abandon'd, and to Vice enclin'd :

Fine

Fine *Coffee*, *Tea*, and *Nectar*, here are ſold;
Here meet the Rakes and Females that are bold:
With beauteous *Flora* revel here the Swains;
The well-bred Female Chaſtity diſdains;
In ſpacious Room, with various Boxes ſtor'd,
The ſon'rous Organ ſtill here loudly roar'd.
This Pipe from Church to Bawdy-Houſe remov'd
By pious *Noll*, of whining Saints belov'd;
Here Violin and Hautboy you may hear,
And various Inſtruments divert the Ear:
Fam'd Scaramouch appears with Antick new,
And rural Dancing you with Pleaſure view:
The Room adorn'd with airy Paintings neat,
Still ev'ry Poſture here is ſeen compleat:
Here female Secrets are in Paintings ſhewn,
An Iv'ry Thigh you ſee compleatly done;
The Swain is Billing, and his Hand employs;
He eaſy finds the Seat of *Cupid*'s Joys:
Here ſome are circling their white Arms in Arms,
And ev'ry Part is lock'd in *Cupid*'s Charms.

Theſe fam'd Portraitures hang without Diſgrace;
They ſoon proclaim the Buſineſs of the Place:
Here airy Females in a Train reſort,
By Maſks conceal'd, ſtill venture on the Sport:
*Mac Dermot* here, and num'rous luſty Swains,
Th' intriguing Wife in conſtant Pay retains.
Three Nights a Week the luſtful Dames are here,
With Spoils Domeſtick they in Pomp appear:
To ſecret Rooms with their Gallants retire,
And late allay an uncontroul'd Deſire.

*F I N I S.*

*Juſt publiſh'd the two following Poems*, viz.

A Night's Ramble; or, The Unfortunate Gallant, a Mock Heroick Poem. Humbly inſcrib'd to the Gentlemen Rakes in and about *London*; with a Preface to the Reader of the *Bangorian* Controverſy. Price 6 *d.*

*Bartholomew*-Fair, an Heroi-Comical Poem, giving an Account of the Whimſies, Shews, and Humours that have been, and generally are to be ſeen in moſt great Fairs; with a proper Preface. Price 6 *d.*